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VANDERDECKEN'S MESSAGE HOME;
*Or, the Tenacity of Natural Affec-
tion.*

[From Blackwood's Magazine for May.]

Our ship, after touching at the Cape, went out again, and soon losing sight of the Table Mountain, began to be assailed by the impetuous attacks of the sea, which is well known to be more formidable there than in most parts of the known ocean. The day had grown dull and hazy, and the breeze, which had formerly blown fresh, now sometimes subsided almost entirely, and then recovering its strength, for a short time, and changing its direction, blew with temporary violence, and died away again, as if exercising a melancholy caprice. A heavy swell began to come from the south-east. Our sails flapped against the masts, and the ship rolled from side to side, as heavily as if she had been waterlogged. There was so little wind that she would not steer.

At two p. m. we had a squall, accompanied by thunder and rain. The seamen, growing restless, looked anxiously a-head. They said we would have a dirty night of it, and that it would not be worth while to turn into their hammocks. As the second mate was describing a gale he had encountered off Cape Race, Newfoundland, we were suddenly taken all aback, and the blast came upon us furiously. We continued to scud under a double reefed main-sail and foretopsail till dusk; but, as the sea ran high, the captain thought it safest to bring her to. The watch on deck consisted of four men, one of whom was appointed to keep a look out a-head, for the weather was so hazy that we could not see two cables' length from the bows. This man, whose name was Tom Willis, went frequently to the bows, as if to observe something, and when the others called to him, inquiring what he was looking at, he would give no definite answer. They therefore went also to the bows, and appear-

ed startled, and at first said nothing. But presently one of them cried, "William, go call the watch."

The seamen, having been asleep in their hammocks, murmured at this unseasonable summons, and called to know how it looked upon deck. To which Tom Willis replied, "Come up and see. What we are minding is not on deck, but a-head."

On hearing this, they ran up without putting on their jackets, and when they came to the bows there was a whispering.

One of them asked, "Where is she? I do not see her." To which another replied, "The last flash of lightning showed there was not a reef in one of her sails; but we, who know her history, know that all her canvass will never carry her into port."

By this time, the talking of the seamen had brought some of the passengers on deck. They could see nothing, however, for the ship was surrounded by thick darkness, and by the noise of the dashing waters, and the seamen evaded the questions that were put to them.

At this juncture the chaplain came on deck. He was a man of grave and modest demeanour, and was much liked among the seamen, who called him Gentle George. He overheard one of the men asking another, "If he had ever seen the Flying Dutchman before, and if he knew the story about her?" To which the other replied, "I have heard of her beating about in these seas. What is the reason she never reaches port?"

The first speaker replied, "They give different reasons for it, but my story is this: She was an Amsterdam vessel, and sailed from that port seventy years ago. Her master's name was Vanderdecken. He was a staunch seaman, and would have his own way, in spite of the devil. For all that, never a sailor under him had reason to complain, though how it is on board with them now, nobody knows. The story is this:

that in doubling the Cape, they were a long day trying to weather the Table Bay, which we saw this morning. However, the wind headed them, and went against them more and more, and Vanderdecken walked the deck, swearing at the wind. Just after sunset, a vessel spoke him, asking if he did not mean to go into the bay that night. Vanderdecken replied, 'May I be eternally d—d if I do, though I should beat about here till the day of judgment!' And, to be sure, Vanderdecken never did go into that bay; for it is believed that he continues to beat about in these seas still, and will do so long enough. This vessel is never seen but with foul weather along with her."

To which another replied, "We must keep clear of her. They say that her captain mans his jolly boat, when a vessel comes in sight, and tries hard to get along-side, to put letters on board, but no good comes to them who have communication with him."

Tom Willis said, "There is such a sea between us at present, as should keep us safe from such visits."

To which the other answered: "We cannot trust to that, if Vanderdecken sends out his men."

Some of this conversation having been overheard by the passengers, there was a commotion among them. In the mean time, the noise of the waves against the vessel could scarcely be distinguished from the sounds of the distant thunder. The wind had extinguished the light in the binnacle, where the compass was, and no one could tell which way the ship's head lay. The passengers were afraid to ask questions, lest they should augment the secret sensation of fear which chilled every heart, or learn any more than they already knew. For while they attributed their agitation of mind to the state of the weather, it was sufficiently perceptible that their alarms also arose from a cause which they did not acknowledge.

The lamp at the binnacle being

relighted, they perceived that the ship lay closer to the wind than she had hitherto done, and the spirits of the passengers were somewhat revived.

Nevertheless, neither the tempestuous state of the atmosphere, nor the thunder had ceased, and soon a vivid flash of lightning showed the waves tumbling around us, and, in the distance, the Flying Dutchman scudding furiously before the wind, under a press of canvass. The sight was but momentary, but it was sufficient to remove all doubt from the minds of the passengers. One of the men cried aloud, "There she goes, top-gallants and all!"

The chaplain had brought up his prayer-book, in order that he might draw from thence something to fortify and tranquillize the minds of the rest. Therefore, taking his seat near the binnacle, so that the light shone upon the white leaves of the book, he, in a solemn tone, read out the service for those distressed at sea. The sailors stood round with folded arms, and looked as if they thought it would be of little use. But this served to occupy the attention of those on deck for a while.

In the mean time, the flashes of lightning becoming less vivid, showed nothing else, far or near, but the billows weltering round the vessel. The sailors seemed to think that they had not yet seen the worst, but confined their remarks and prognostications to their own circle.

At this time, the captain, who had hitherto remained in his birth, came on deck, and, with a gay and unconcerned air, inquired what was the cause of the general dread. He said he thought they had already seen the worst of the weather, and wondered that his men had raised such a hobnob about a capful of wind. Mention being made of the Flying Dutchman, the captain laughed. He said, "he would like very much to see any vessel carrying top-gallant sails in such a night, for it would be a sight worth looking at." The chaplain, taking him by one of the buttons of his coat, drew him aside, and appeared to enter into serious conversation with him.

While they were talking together, the captain was heard to say, "Let us look to our own ship, and not mind such things;" and accordingly, he sent a man aloft, to see if all was

right about the foretop-sail yard, which was chafing the mast with a loud noise.

It was Tom Willis who went up; and when he came down, he said that all was tight, and that he hoped it would soon get clearer, and that they would see no more of what they were most afraid of.

The captain and first mate were heard laughing loudly together, while the chaplain observed, that it would be better to repress such unseasonable gaiety. The second mate, a native of Scotland, whose name was Duncan Saunderson, having attended one of the University classes at Aberdeen, thought himself too wise to believe all that the sailors said, and took part with the captain. He jestingly told Tom Willis, to borrow his grandam's spectacles the next time he was sent to keep a look out-a-head. Tom walked sulkily away, muttering, that he would nevertheless trust to his own eyes till morning, and accordingly took his station at the bow, and appeared to watch as attentively as before.

The sound of talking soon ceased, for many returned to their births, and we heard nothing but the clanking of the ropes upon the masts, and the bursting of the billows a-head, as the vessel successively took the seas.

But after a considerable interval of darkness, gleams of lightning began to re-appear. Tom Willis suddenly called out, "Vanderdecken, again! Vanderdecken, again! I see them letting down a boat!"

All who were on deck ran to the bows. The next flash of lightning shone far and wide over the raging sea, and showed us not only the Flying Dutchman at a distance, but also a boat coming from her with four men. The boat was within two cables' length of our ship's side.

The man who first saw her, ran to the captain, and asked whether they should hail her or not. The captain, walking about in great agitation, made no reply. The first mate cried, "Who's going to heave a rope to that boat?" The men looked at each other without offering to do any thing. The boat had come very near the chains, when Tom Willis called out, "What do you want? or what devil has blown you here in such weather?" A piercing voice from the boat, replied in English,

"We want to speak with your captain." The captain took no notice of this, and Vanderdecken's boat having come close along side, one of the men came upon deck, and appeared like a fatigued and weatherbeaten seaman, holding some letters in his hand.

Our sailors all drew back. The chaplain, however, looking stedfastly upon him, went forward a few steps, and asked, "What is the purpose of this visit?"

The stranger replied, "We have long been kept here by foul weather, and Vanderdecken wishes to send these letters to his friends in Europe."

Our captain now came forward, and said, as firmly as he could, "I wish Vanderdecken would put his letters on board of any other vessel rather than mine."

The stranger replied, "We have tried many a ship, but most of them refuse our letters."

Upon which, Tom Willis muttered, "It will be best for us if we do the same, for they say, there is sometimes a sinking weight in your paper."

The stranger took no notice of this, but asked where we were from. On being told that we were from Portsmouth, he said, as if with strong feeling, "Would that you had rather been from Amsterdam. Oh that we saw it again!—We must see our friends again." When he uttered these words, the men who were in the boat below, wrung their hands, and cried in a piercing tone, in Dutch, "Oh that we saw it again! We have been long here beating about; but we must see our friends again."

The chaplain asked the stranger, "How long have you been at sea?"

He replied, "We have lost our count; for our almanac was blown overboard. Our ship, you see, is there still; so why should you ask how long we have been at sea; for Vanderdecken only wishes to write home and comfort his friends."

To which the chaplain replied, "Your letters, I fear, would be of no use in Amsterdam, even if they were delivered; for the persons to whom they are addressed are probably no longer to be found there, except under very ancient green turf in the church-yard."

The unwelcome stranger then

wring his hands, and appeared to weep, and replied, "It is impossible. We cannot believe you. We have been long driving about here, but country nor relations cannot be so easily forgotten. There is not a rain drop in the air but feels itself kindred to all the rest, and they fall back into the sea to meet with each other again. How, then, can kindred blood be made to forget where it came from? Even our bodies are part of the ground of Holland; and Vanderdecken says, if he once were come to Amsterdam, he would rather be changed into a stone post, well fixed into the ground, than leave it again, if that were to die elsewhere. But in the mean time, we only ask you to take these letters."

The chaplain, looking at him with astonishment, said, "This is the insanity of natural affection, which rebels against all measures of time and distance."

The stranger continued, "Here is a letter from our second mate, to his dear and only remaining friend, his uncle, the merchant who lives in the second house on Stuncken Yacht Quay."

He held forth the letter, but no one would approach to take it.

Tom Willis raised his voice, and said, "One of our men, here, says that he was in Amsterdam last summer, and he knows for certain, that the street called Stuncken Yacht Quay, was pulled down sixty years ago, and now there is only a large church at that place."

The man from the Flying Dutchman, said, "It is impossible: we cannot believe you. Here is another letter from myself, in which I have sent a bank-note to my dear sister, to buy some gallant lace, to make her a high head-dress."

Tom Willis hearing this, said, "It is most likely that her head now lies under a tomb stone, which will outlast all the changes of the fashion. But on what house is your bank-note?"

The stranger replied, "On the house of Vanderbrucker and Company."

The man of whom Tom Willis had spoken, said, "I guess there will now be some discount upon it, for that banking-house was gone to destruction forty years ago, and Vanderbrucker was afterwards amissing.—But to remember these

things is like raking up the bottom of an old canal."

The stranger called out passionately, "It is impossible!—We cannot believe it! It is cruel to say such things to people in our condition. There is a letter from our captain himself, to his much-beloved and faithful wife, whom he left at a pleasant summer dwelling, on the border of the Haarlemer Mer. She promised to have the house beautifully painted and gilded before he came back, and to get a new set of looking-glasses for the principal chamber, that she might see as many images of Vanderdecken, as if she had six husbands at once."

The man replied, "There has been time enough for her to have had six husbands since then; but were she alive still, there is no fear that Vanderdecken would ever get home to disturb her."

On hearing this the stranger again shed tears, and said, if they would not take the letters, he would leave them; and, looking around, he offered the parcel to the captain, chaplain, and to the rest of the crew successively, but each drew back as it was offered, and put his hands behind his back. He then laid the letters upon the deck, and placed upon them a piece of iron, which was lying near, to prevent them from being blown away. Having done this, he swung himself over the gangway, and went into the boat.

We heard the others speak to him, but the rise of a sudden squall prevented us from distinguishing his reply. The boat was seen to quit the ship's side, and, in a few moments, there were no more traces of her than if she had never been there. The sailors rubbed their eyes, as if doubting what they had witnessed; but the parcel still lay upon deck, and proved the reality of all that had passed.

Duncan Sanderson, the Scotch mate, asked the captain if he should take them up, and put them in the letter bag. Receiving no reply, he would have lifted them if it had not been for Tom Willis, who pulled him back, saying that nobody should touch them.

In the mean time the captain went down to the cabin, and the chaplain having followed him, found him at his bottle-case, pouring out a

large dram of brandy. The captain, although somewhat disconcerted, immediately offered the glass to him, saying, "Here, Charters, is what is good in a cold night." The chaplain declined drinking any thing, and the captain having swallowed the bumper, they both returned to the deck, where they found the seamen giving their opinions concerning what should be done with the letters. Tom Willis proposed to pick them up on a harpoon, and throw it overboard.

Another speaker said, "I have always heard it asserted that it is neither safe to accept them voluntarily, nor when they are left to throw them out of the ship."

"Let no one touch them," said the carpenter. "The way to do with the letters from the Flying Dutchman is to case them upon deck, by nailing boards over them, so that if he sends back for them, they are still there to give him."

The carpenter went to fetch his tools. During his absence, the ship gave so violent a pitch, that the piece of iron slid off the letters, and they were whirled overboard by the wind, like birds of evil omen whirling through the air. There was a cry of joy among the sailors, and they ascribed the favourable change which soon took place in the weather, to our having got quit of Vanderdecken. We soon got under weigh again. The night watch being set, the rest of the crew retired to their births.

*Henry Schultze, and other Poems **

[From Blackwood's Magazine for May.]

Certain innovations made by that class of modern poets who write narratives, seem to have been productive of happy effects; we more especially allude to that fresher sense of versimilitude which they cast around their handy works, by inventing and employing probable names of persons and places, and by giving in their descriptions certain touches of a *still-life* sort of painting, in which national characteristics are studiously brought out; both of which peculiarities the versemen of the last age thought too un-

* Henry Schultze, a Tale; The Savoyard, a French Republican's Story; with other poems, 12mo. C. and J. Whittier, London, 1841.

dignified for poesy. Open to ridicule as the practice may be of bestowing upon the personages who figure in rhyme a sort of real-life patronymic, and even baptismal appellation—and the wags have not been slow to seize upon the opportunity—yet we truly believe that the Leonard Ewbanks and Barbara Lewthwaites, the Matthews and Ruths, of Wordsworth, and those of later creation, the Phoebe Dawsons and Isaac Ashfords of Crabbe, have been of use; these names have not been without their share in making these poets' pictures of manners more impressive—they have helped to print the individuality of the characters with ten times more power upon the memory, than would take place if we listened to the same adventures, if related of a "hoary-headed Alcander," or a "tearful Lavinia." If we have to detail the lowly lot and hapless loves of a Celadon and Amelia, the scenery about them will perforce assume the air of a book-pastoral, for we can scarcely have the hardihood to give a nymph and swain so denominated, a genuine English cottage, with plates on the shelf and ballads on the wall. The very first glimpse of the names of Damon and Phyllis, are terribly provocative of associations with kids and baa lambs, crooks and garlands, scrips and oaten pipes, with an assortment, moreover, of love-knots and posies, carved on the rind of a tree; nor is a certain dog, with a ribbon round his neck and answering to the name of Tray, altogether forgotten. Now most of these things have very few types amidst the pastoral population of Great Britain, among which (unless unnaturalness be a presumption against it) the said Damon and Phyllis were, in verses of a date a little gone by, implied to have a parochial settlement. For our parts, we like the ground-work of poetic story-telling to be somewhat natural, unless indeed the poet balloons us up into the giddy regions of pure imagination—otherwise, heap about the tale as many poetic accompaniments as you please, but let the basis of some of its interest arise from its reflection of truth, or of something truth-like. The effect of Falconer's *Shipwreck*, in which the actors are avowedly British mariners, is in some respects diminished,

by his having given them such unreal names as Palemon and Albert. The main incident (whether truly or not) is said to have been suggested by something similar which happened to himself: now had he given his own name also, or one as good, to his hero, (for William Falconer would not *now* be thought either too familiar or too unmelodious a name for verse) the poem might have gained something by it. Of course, what we have said must not be taken too strictly, for we do not go all the lengths of Tristram Shandy's father about names; we have been speaking of an inferior constituent in fictitious history, but still we advance the assertion that the use of actual names has helped to improve *costume* in poems. Many a versifier would attribute good, honest, English accessories, to the abode of a Michael or a Margaret, though with such ordinary matter he would scruple to pollute his diction, if the dwelling were that of a Menalcas or a My-is. Names of a natural semblance set our recollections stirring—we can besides more easily recur to them, and still find ourselves among fellow-countrymen. We love to know the real names of those in whom we are interested, for they are as much part and parcel of the idea of them as their countenances, their voices, or their attire. We could, therefore, be well content to learn what was the name of Shenstone's Schoolmistress, knowing so perfectly, as we do, her looks, her dress, her chair, spinning-wheel and Bible, her garden, and the green plot before her door, not forgetting the quivering birch-tree, which grew upon it; nor, indeed, would we turn a deaf ear, if the surname of Beattie's Edwin were pronounced within our reach of hearing.

The other improvement we adverted to (not a new one indeed, but it is now perhaps more universally followed) is that of accommodating their descriptions to the accurate features of some known country. Bards do not now, as many did no long time since, settle the men and women creatures of their imagination, in a land of most heterogeneous materials, where the concomitants of the torrid and temperate zones are rife throughout all seasons. By a little more circum-

spection in poetical geography, England is not now so often made a mere land of bowers and flowers, and purling streams, where the meadows allow of rural dances on their sod all the live-long year. Our native land is confessed to have much cold weather, much wet and mist, so as not to be altogether in an out-o'-door climate; it is not concealed that its pastoral districts are comparatively barren, and that where the soil teems with fatness, our swains have made it rather unromantically arable. Southey is perhaps pre-eminently happy in seizing upon objects of nationality in his landscapes—look at Llaian's dwelling in Madoc—forty or fifty years ago, no one would have dared in an heroic poem to mention "crooked apple trees, rough with their fleecy moss and misseltow," growing in an orchard, on a gray mountain-slope, fenced by low stone-lines of wall, and neighboured by a little field of "stubble flax." Yet who does not accept it as a vivid and natural picture of a secluded spot in Wales? Wordsworth may again be cited, for he fearlessly (and, as we think, often felicitously) introduces not only closely copied views of his native lake-scenery into his poems, but their very names are also given us in them, and certainly what he so presents to us is thereby more clearly apprehended. Although "The Evening Star," the cottage of old Michael, be based, yet the scite may be traced out in Grasmere Vale, (at least our conception is so like reality, that we can seem to do it) for it was on a plot of rising ground, where it

"Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
High into Easedale up to Dunmail-Raise."

Now also, when our metrical writers lay their scenes abroad, they are not quite so chary of "a local habitation and a name;" but if their business lies in France, they prepare for us denominations of people and places, in sounds appropriately clattering or nasal—if in Germany, appropriately guttural and lumbering, as if the syllables were "a neat post-wagon trotting in."

It is time, however, to put a stop to our remarks, which are meant to usher in our account of the first tale, in a neat anonymous volume

of poems lately published by Messrs. Olliers. It possesses not only the subordinate merits upon which we have been dilating, but also the more important ones of spirit, taste, and feeling. A slight preface informs us, that it was founded on the fact recorded in a German journal, of a man broken down by distresses, who carried into effect his resolution of starving himself in a solitary place: the stranger part of the incident is, that he was found to have daily recorded, in notes pencilled in a memorandum book, the bodily sensations which he experienced, till within a very short time previous to his decease. In the work under notice, a well contrived story is feigned to account for his cruel determination of being so deliberate a suicide, and the poem itself is supposed to consist of extracts from the journal of the hapless man. This fragmentary mode gets rid of some of the difficulties of maintaining unabated interest in the connecting parts of a story—but we must object that it is not regular professional practice—it is an escape *per saltum*—the Gordian-knot is severed for the nonce, not disentangled. Not that we greatly care how a poet pleases us, if he does but succeed in doing so. The tale opens with Henry Schultze's relation of his courtship of Constance:

"We often rambled by the sea-beach
side
At eve, when the wind breathed not, and
the tide,
Outstretched at giant length, in deep re-
pose,
Lay heaving onward, onward, till it rose
Into the distant blue, and bore on high
Sail, mast, and banner, with it to the sky.
The frequent seal shot up from out the
deep
His smooth black head, and from the
neighbouring steep
The sea-mew leap'd to skim before our
path,
Or scream above us her unheeded wrath.
Here arm-in-arm, we roam'd all free and
lone,
Climb'd many a path and sat on many a
stone,
Spoke the full heart unnoted, unrepress'd,
And told the love that swell'd in either
breast:
Here would we linger, till the star of even
Look'd out upon us like an eye in heav'n,
And saw us still upon the yellow sands,
Breathing soft vows, and pledging trem-
bling hands;

And warn'd my village maid at last to
flee
Home thro' the falling dews from night
and me."

This is a beautiful appeal to our sympathy for the young pair, and it is wrought up with no mean skill in versification. After talking, however, in our prefatory remarks, so much about local propriety, perhaps we ought to object a little, that this sea side stroll has more of an English than German complexion about it, for Germany is hardly at all a maritime country. Let it pass—the author may perhaps defend himself by saying, that the scene of action is laid upon the sea-coast of Shakspeare's Bohemia, where Perdita was exposed! High authority this, to gainsay a critic, and make him roll up his map! Ere the first extract concludes, we hear of their marriage—their setting up in trade—their quiet domestic occupations, and their enjoyment of the rest weekly brought round by the Sabbath,

—"With all its sweets,
Of pleasant bells, closed shops, and quiet
streets:
And we put on our best, and slowly trod
Amid our neighbours to the house of God.
There I and Constance breathed our
happy prayers,
And sent our praises up along with theirs;
And there, I fear, my pride oft rose to see
None so devout and beautiful as she.

Then would we walk forth, arm-in-arm,
to share
The breezy freshness of the country air,
And tread the clover down, and by the
brook
Seek flowers and hawthorn for our chim-
ney nook;
Or, seated on some sloping bank, survey
The beasts enjoying round their Sabbath
play;
Or the tall windmill, or the distant hill,
Paying its lofty homage, mute and still.
Swift fled the hours."

In the second *fasciculus*, we find they have three children; in the third, an agreeable lodger; in the next, Constance is depicted as half seduced by him,

"Only happy when away from me,
And most so in Von Khulmann's com-
pany."

The succeeding portion shows her as a guilty thing, conscious of her crime, and confessing all to her husband—penitent, but not desirous of pardon or favour. Schultze cannot hate her, though he determines

to part from her, and plans a scheme of vengeance upon the seducer.

"I track'd him well. He slept at Kreitz
that night—
And, if a guide was found, at morning
light
Design'd to cross the mountains, and
would then
Be safe, he deem'd, from every hostile
ken.
Disguised, I offer'd to direct his way,
And was received."

The place chosen for retribution is well imagined.

"Up the long steep in silent speed we
pass'd,
And now we reach'd the mountain's
brow at last.—
A lonely table-land on every side,
Thence spread its level sameness, dull
and wide.
Tall blocks of granite here and there
were placed,
Like giant sentinels, along the waste.
But living sound and object there was
none,
Save where afar from some huge mass of
stone
The frighted eagle scream'd, or round
its base
Skulk'd the gray wolf to gain her hiding
place.
Still we moved on in silence. 'Well,
my friend,
We've made some progress to our jour-
ney's end.'
A nod was all my answer. 'What,' he
cried,
'Have you no tongue to speak, my ho-
nest guide?
Are you in grief, or yet in love, and loth
To have your thoughts disturb'd?'—
'Perhaps in both.'
'In both? O then your case is bad! but
how?
Some scornful shepherdess rejects your
vow?'
'I did not say so.'—'What! she kind,
and you
Still sad?'—'Nay, we are married.'—
'Married too!
And have you children?'—'Three.'—
'You make me stare!
Your wife and you are on good terms?'—
'We were.'—
'How then, has she turn'd shrew, or
what?'—'Nay, more;
A villain came and changed her to a
whore.'"

Schultze continues in a disguised voice to describe the perfidy of the wretch he is addressing, and his discovery of it.

"He fled. I followed him. Revenge
has wings,
And, like the lightning, on her victim
springs,
From whence he knows not. At a lucky
hour,

When dreaded least, I had him in my power,
 Found time and place, the wretch his crimes to tell,
 And might have sent, at once, his soul to hell!
 But the thought cross'd me, such an act would be
 Unmanly, and more fit for him than me.
 Draw then, damn'd villain draw!" I said,
 and threw
 My beaver up, and gave my face to view.
 He stood aghast.

— 'See, yon eagle clamorous for his fare,
 And fiends are huddling round us fast to bear
 Thy perjured soul away.' His sword he drew,
 And on him, like a hurricane, I flew;
 Dash'd from his hand the feeble steel and clasp'd,
 And bore him headlong to the ground,
 and grasp'd
 My dagger next to stab him as he lay—
 But ere I raised it, he was swoon'd away.
 Already had my sabre left its trace
 Deep in the wretch's pale and mangled face.
 An eye was wrench'd from 'neath his forehead grim,
 And main'd, I deem for life, one quivering limb.
 Base as he was, I could not seal his fate,
 Nor stoop to butcher him in such a state.
 I rose, and turn'd away, and homeward trod,
 And left him there to conscience, and to God."

Henry's wife dies—so do his children—he falls into utter penury, and fails to obtain employment or commiseration, and the story is wound up by the information of those who found him expiring in the forest.—The quotations we have made will enable our readers to see that the author, whoever he be, is possessed of true poetic powers, and has much command of language; some of his epithets are new, and peculiarly happy.

"The Savoyard," though a longer poem, is inferior to 'Henry Schulze,' and it appears to us to have been written before it. It wants distinctness and force; vagueness is its chief fault; the sketch of the French Revolution in it passes before us like some vast smothering cloud, which bears neither shape nor feature for the memory to lay hold upon, and until we come to the dream in prison, we take little personal interest in the adventures of the Savoyard himself. His consolation too, at last, although he looks to the right source,

is too fanatical. The reader will not readily accommodate himself to the sudden religious tranquillity of one whom he has just seen embruing his hands in blood; one, in whom no active love to man seems to take place of his former savageness; no heart wringing repentance drives to offer an all-inadequate recompence for the miseries he has caused; but all is indolent self satisfaction, and confident assurance. It is not more improbable, than discordant to right feeling, to make the employment of a heretofore blood-boulted revolutionist, a cool projector of *nogades* and *fusillades*, that of sitting in a little lonely Eden, and declaring that here

"Amidst my crops of flowers
 I muse away my vacant hours;
 And kneel beneath the open sky,
 And serve my God at liberty."

The author seems to have suspected something of this, for he makes an excuse in his preface, where he says that he "by no means pledges himself for the absolute correctness of the religious emotions there exhibited."

Still there is a good deal of striking poetry in different places in the Savoyard, and the relation of his returning recollections of the pious lessons inculcated by his mother in childhood is well made, and the incident is natural.

"In confirmation, word on word,
 Rose sweetly too from memory's store,
 Truths, which in other days I heard,
 But never knew their worth before.
 Lodged by a mother's pious care
 In the young folds of thought and sense
 Like fire in flint, they slumber'd there,
 Till anguish struck them bright from thence.
 The beacon lights of holy writ,
 They one by one upon me stole;
 Through winds and waves my pathway lit,
 And chased the darkness from my soul."

If our guess be right that Henry Schulze is the latest written production of this author, his progress is great, and the heroic measure appears to afford the best display for his talents. We shall hope to meet with him again; and, as we have avowed a love for *names*, we shall have no disinclination to learn that by which we are to designate him among the successful poets of the present day.

HUMBOLDT'S NARRATIVE.

Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years 1799—1804. By Alexander de Humboldt, and Aimé Bonpland, &c. &c. London, 1821, 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 864.

(Continued from page 477.)

"Among the monkeys," the author continues, "which we saw at the mission of the Atures, we found one new species, of the tribe of *sais* and *sajous*, which the Creoles vulgarly call *machis*. It is the *ou-rapavi* with grey hair and a bluish face. It has the orbits of the eyes and forehead as white as snow, which at first sight distinguish it from the *simia capucina*, the *simia apella*, the *simia trepida*, and the other weeping monkeys hitherto so confusedly described. This little animal is as gentle as it is ugly. Every day in the court-yard of the missionary it seized a pig, upon which it remained from morning till night, traversing the savannahs. We have also seen it upon the back of a large cat, which had been brought up with it in father Zea's house.

"It was among the cataracts that we began to hear of the hairy man of the woods, called *salvaje*, that carries off women, constructs huts, and sometimes eats human flesh. The Tamanacks call it *achi*, and the Maypures *vasitri*, or *great devil*. The natives and the missionaries have no doubt of the existence of this anthropomorphic monkey, which they singularly dread. Father Gili gravely relates the history of a lady in the town of San Carlos, who much praised the gentle character and attentions of the man of the woods. She lived several years with one in great domestic harmony, and only requested some hunters to take her back, 'because she was tired, she and her children, (a little hairy also), of living far from the church and the sacraments.' The same author, notwithstanding his credulity, confesses that he had not been able to find an Indian, who asserted positively that he had seen the *salvaje* with his own eyes.

"This fable, which the missionaries, the European planters, and the negroes of Africa, have no doubt embellished with many features taken from the description of the

manners of the ourang-outang, the gibbon, the jocko or chimpanzee, and the pongo, pursued us during five years from the northern to the southern hemisphere, and we were every where blamed, in the most cultivated class of society, for being the only persons to doubt the existence of the great anthropomorphous monkey of America. We shall first observe, that there are certain regions where this belief is particularly prevalent among the people; such are the banks of the Upper Oronoko, the valley of Upar, near the lake of Maracaybo, the mountains of Santa Martha and of Merida, the provinces of Quixos, and the banks of the Amazon near Tomependa. In all these places, so distant one from the other, it is repeated, that the *salvaje* is easily recognized by the traces of its feet, the toes of which are turned backward. But if there exists a monkey of a large size in the New Continent, how has it happened that, during three centuries, no man worthy of belief has been able to procure the skin of one? Several hypotheses present themselves to the mind, in order to explain the source of so ancient an error or belief. Has the famous *capuchin* monkey of Esmeralda, the canine teeth of which are more than six lines and a half long, the physiognomy much more like man's than that of the ourang-outang, and which, when irritated, rubs its beard with its hand, given rise to the fable of the *salvaje*? It is not so large indeed as the coaita, (*simia paniscus*) but when seen at the top of a tree, and the head only visible, it might easily be taken for a human being. It may be also (and this opinion appears to me the most probable) that the man of the woods was one of those large bears, the footsteps of which resemble those of a man, and which is believed in every country to attack women. The animal killed in my time at the foot of the mountains of Merida, and sent by the name of *salvaje* to Colonel Ungaro, the governor of the province Varinas, was in fact a bear, with black and smooth fur."

These extraordinary accounts are succeeded by a detailed history of the moschetoes of this region, perhaps the most remarkable of all its animal phenomena.

"Persons who have not navigated

the great rivers of equinoctial America, for instance, the Oronoko and the Rio Magdalena, can scarcely conceive how, without interruption, at every instant of life, you may be tormented by insects flying in the air, and how the multitude of these little animals may render vast regions wholly uninhabitable. However accustomed you may be to endure pain without complaint, however lively an interest you may take in the objects of your researches, it is impossible not to be constantly disturbed by the moschetoes, *zancudos*, *jejens* and *tempraneros*, that cover the face and hands, pierce the clothes with their long sucker in the form of a needle, and, getting into the mouth and nostrils, set you coughing and sneezing whenever you attempt to speak in the open air. In the missions of the Oronoko, in the villages placed on the banks of the river, surrounded by immense forests, the *plaga de las moscas*, the plague of the flies, affords an inexhaustible subject of conversation. When two persons meet in the morning, the first questions they address to each other are, 'How did you find the *zancudos* during the night? How are we today for the moschetoes?' These questions remind us of a Chinese form of politeness, which indicates the ancient state of the country where it took birth. Salutations were made heretofore in the *celestial empire*, in the following words: *voutou-hou*, 'Have you been incommoded in the night by the serpents?' We shall soon see, that on the banks of the Tuamini, in the river Magdalena, and still more at Choco, the country of gold and platina, the Chinese compliment on the serpents might be added to that of the moschetoes."

Other curious facts are recorded, and illustrate this subject. Mr. H. says—

"At Mandavaca we found an old missionary, who told us with an air of sadness, that he had spent his *twenty years of moschetoes* in America. He desired us to look well at his legs, that we might be able to tell one day, 'poor alla (beyond sea) what the poor monks suffer in the forests of Cassiquiare.' Every sting leaving a small darkish brown point, his legs were so speckled, that it was difficult to recognize the white-

ness of his skin through the spots of coagulated blood. If the insects of the simulium genus abound in the Cassiquiare, which has *white waters*, the culices, or *zancudos*, are so much the more rare; you scarcely find any there, while on the rivers of *black waters*, in the Atabapo and the Rio Negro, there are generally some *zancudos* and no *moschetoes*."

"I have just shown, from my own observations, how much the geographical distribution of venomous insects varies in this labyrinth of rivers, with white and black waters. It were to be wished, that a learned entomologist could study on the spot the specific differences of these noxious insects, which in the torrid zone, in spite of their littleness, act an important part in the economy of nature. What appeared to us very remarkable, and is a fact, known to all the missionaries, is, that the different species do not associate together, and that at different hours of the day you are stung by a distinct species. Every time that the scene changes, and to use the simple expression of the missionaries, other insects 'mount guard,' you have a few minutes, often a quarter of an hour, of repose. The insects that disappear have not their places instantly supplied in equal numbers by their successors. From half after six in the morning till five in the afternoon, the air is filled with moschetoes; which have not, as we find related in some travels, the form of our gnats, but that of a small fly. They are simuliums of the family nemoceræ of the system of Latreille. Their sting is as painful as that of *stomoxes*. It leaves a little reddish-brown spot, which is extravasated and coagulated blood, where their proboscis has pierced the skin. An hour before sun-set a species of small gnats, called *tempraneros*, because they appear also at sun-rise, take the place of the moschetoes. Their presence scarcely lasts an hour and a half; they disappear between six and seven in the evening, or, as they say here, after the *Angelus* (*a la oracion*). After a few minutes repose, you feel yourself stung by *zancudos*, another species of gnat (*culex*) with very long legs. The *zancudo*, the proboscis of which contains a sharp pointed sucker, causes the most acute pain, and a swelling that remains

several weeks. Its hum resembles that of our gnats in Europe, but is louder and more prolonged. The Indians pretend to distinguish 'by their song' the *zancudo*s and the *tempraneros*; the latter of which are real twilight insects, while the *zancudo*s are most frequently nocturnal insects, and disappear towards sun-rise.

"The *culices* of South America, have generally the wings, corselet, and legs of an azure colour, annulated, and variable from a mixture of spots of a metallic lustre. Here, as in Europe, the males, which are distinguished by their feathered antennae, are extremely rare; you are seldom stung except by females. The preponderance of this sex explains the immense increase of the species, each female laying several hundred eggs. In going up one of the great rivers of America, it is observed, that the appearance of a new species of *culix* denotes the proximity of a new stream flowing in."

"The whites born in the torrid zone walk barefoot with impunity in the same apartment where a European recently landed is exposed to the attack of the *niguas* or *chegoes* (*pulex penetrans*). These animals, almost invisible to the eye, get under the nails of the feet, and there acquire the size of a small pea by the quick increase of its eggs, which are placed in a bag under the belly of the insect. The *nigua*, therefore, distinguishes, what the most delicate chemical analysis could not distinguish, the cellular membrane and blood of a European from those of a Creole white. It is not so with the moschettoes.

In the day, even when labouring at the oar, the natives, in order to chase the insects, are continually giving one another smart slaps with the palm of the hand. Rude in all their movements, they strike themselves and their comrades mechanically during their sleep. The violence of their blows reminds us of the Persian tale of the bear, that tried to kill with his paw the insects on the forehead of his sleeping master. Near Maypures we saw some young Indians seated in a circle and rubbing cruelly each others backs with the bark of trees dried at the fire. Indian women were occupied with a degree of patience, of which the copper-coloured race alone are capable,

in extirpating by means of a sharp bone, the little mass of coagulated blood that forms the centre of every sting, and gives the skin a speckled appearance. One of the most barbarous nations of the Oroonoko, that of the Otomacs, is acquainted with the use of moschetto curtains (*mosquiteros*; formed of a tissue of fibres of the palm tree, *murichi*). We had lately seen, that at Higuero, on the coast of Caraccas, the people of a copper colour sleep buried in the sand. In the villages of the Rio Magdalena the Indians often invited us to stretch ourselves with them on ox skins, near the church, in the middle of the *plaza grande*, where they had assembled all the cows in the neighbourhood. The proximity of cattle give some repose to man. The Indians of the Upper Oroonoko and the Cassiquiare, seeing that Mr. Bonpland could not prepare his herbal, on account of the continual torment of the moschettoes, invited him to enter their ovens, (*hornitos*). Thus they call little chambers, without doors or windows, into which they creep horizontally through a very small opening. When they have driven away the insects by means of a fire of wet brush-wood, which emits a great deal of smoke, they close the opening of the oven. The absence of moschettoes is purchased dearly enough by the excessive heat of stagnant air, and the smoke of a torch of *co al*, which lights the oven during your stay in it. Mr. Bonpland, with courage and patience well worthy of praise, dried hundreds of plants, shut up in these *hornitos* of the Indians.

"It is difficult not to smile at hearing the missionaries dispute on the size and voracity of the moschettoes at different parts of the same river. In the centre of a country ignorant of what is passing in the rest of the world, this is the favourite subject of conversation. 'How I pity your situation!' said the missionary of the raudales to the missionary of Cassiquiare, at our departure; 'you are alone, like me, in this country of tigers and monkeys; with you fish is still more rare, and the heat more violent; but as for my flies, (*mis moscas*) I can boast, that with one of mine I would beat three of yours.'

"This voracity of insects in cer-

tain spots, the rage with which they attack man, the activity of the venom varying in the same species, are very remarkable facts; which find their analogy, however, in the classes of large animals. The crocodile of Angostura pursues men, while at Nueva Barcelona, in the Rio Neveri, you may bathe tranquilly in the midst of these carnivorous reptiles. The jaguars of Maturin, Cumanacoa, and the isthmus of Panama, are cowardly in comparison to those of the Upper Oroonoko. The Indians well know, that the monkeys of some valleys can easily be tamed, while others of the same species, caught elsewhere, will rather die of hunger; than submit to slavery.*"

By this time we fancy our readers are as well acquainted with the habits of the moschettoes, as if they had been bitten by them all over; and further knowledge being unnecessary, we shall advance to other subjects.

Above the cataract of Atures, at the mouth of the Rio Calaniapo, Mr. Humboldt gives the following account of an extinct tribe:

"We were shown at a distance, on the right of the river, the rocks that surround the cavern of Atarupe; but we had not time to visit that cemetery of the destroyed tribe of the Atures. We regretted this so much the more, as father Zea was never weary of talking to us of the skeletons painted with anotta, which this cavern contained; of the large vases of baked earth, in which the bones of separate families appeared to be collected; and of many other curious objects, which we proposed to examine at our return from the Rio Negro."

* "I might have added the example of the scorpion of Cumana, which is very difficult to distinguish from that of the island of Trinidad, Jamaica, Cartagena, and Guayaquil; yet the former is not more to be feared than the *scorpio europæus* (of the south of France), while the latter produces consequences far more alarming than the *scorpio oculatus* (of Spain and Barbary). At Cartagena and Guayaquil, the sting of the scorpion (*alacran*) instantly causes the loss of speech. Sometimes a singular torpor of the tongue is observed for fifteen or sixteen hours. The patient when stung in the legs, stammers as if he had been struck with apoplexy."

At Maypure, higher up, we hear more of the pottery of the Indians:

"In every part of the forests, far from any human habitation, on digging the earth, fragments of pottery and delft are found. The taste for this kind of fabrication seems to have been common heretofore to the natives of both Americas. To the north of Mexico,—on the banks of the Rio Gila—among the ruins of an Azteck city—in the United States—near the *tumuli* of the Miamis; in Florida—and in every place where any trace of ancient civilization could be found, the soil covers fragments of painted pottery; and the extreme resemblance of the ornaments they display is striking. Savage nations, and those civilized people, who are condemned by their political and religious institutions always to imitate themselves, strive as if by instinct, to perpetuate the same forms, to preserve a peculiar type or style, and to follow the methods and processes which were employed by their ancestors. In North America, fragments of delft have been discovered in places where lines of fortification are found, and the walls of towns constructed by an unknown nation, now entirely extinct. The paintings on these fragments have a great similitude to those which are executed in our days on earthenware by the natives of Louisiana and Florida. Thus too the Indians of Maypure often painted before our eyes the same ornaments as we had observed in the cavern of Ataroipe, on the vases containing human bones. They are real *grecques*, meandrites, and figures of crocodiles, of monkeys, and of a large quadruped, which I could not recognize, though it has always the same squat form."

Above Maypure this is indeed a "New World." Mr Humboldt says: "When the traveller has passed the great cataracts, he feels as if he were in a new world; and had overstepped the barriers which nature seems to have raised between the civilized countries of the coast and the savage and unknown interior. Toward the east, in the bluish distance, appeared for the last time, the high chain of the Cunavami mountains. Its long horizontal ridge reminded us of the Mesa of Bergantin, near Cumana; but it terminates by a truncated summit.

The peak of Calitamini (the name given to this summit) glows at sunset as with a reddish fire. This appearance is every day the same. No one ever approached the summit of this mountain, the height of which does not exceed six hundred toises. I believe this splendor, commonly reddish and sometimes silvery, to be a reflection produced by large plates of talc, or by gneiss passing into mica-slate. The whole of this country contains granitic rocks, on which here and there, in little plains, an argillaceous gritstone immediately reposes containing fragments of quartz and brown iron ore.

"In going to the *embarcadere*" he continues, "we caught on the trunk of a hevea a new species of tree frog, remarkable for its beautiful colours; it had a yellow belly, the back and head of a fine velvety purple, and a very narrow stripe of white from the point of the nose to the hinder extremities. This frog was two inches long, and allied to the *rana tinctoria*, the blood of which, it is asserted, introduced into the skin of a parrot, in places where the feathers have been plucked out, occasions the growth of frizzled feathers of a yellow or red colour.

But this is not only the region of real wonders; it has its fictions also.

"The forests of Sipapo are altogether unknown, and there the missionaries place the nation of *Rayas*, who have their mouth in the navel. An old Indian, whom we met at Carichano, and who boasted of having often eaten human flesh, had seen these *acephali* with his own eyes. These absurd fables are spread as far as the Llanos, where you are not always permitted to doubt the existence of the *raya* Indians. In every zone intolerance accompanies credulity; and it might be said, that the fictions of ancient geographers had passed from one hemisphere to the other, did we not know, that the most fantastic productions of the imagination, like the works of nature furnish every where a certain analogy of aspect and form."

LAW REPORT.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, GUILDHALL, JUNE 15.

Day and another v. Brown.

This was an action by Messrs. Day and Martin, blacking makers,

of Holborn, against the defendant, Henry Brown, for an imitation of their label. The trick was discovered by a typographical error in the counterfeit publication: the damages were laid at 1,000*l*.

Mr. Scarlett felt no hesitation in opening the case, as one of the darkest which had ever been presented to a jury. *Qui quid agunt homines*, were words which had blazed upon the proscenium of a theatre; and perhaps the same motto might be equally germane to the parties of a court of justice—a stage upon which the scene was varied even from the palace to the pot-house, and where almost every character, from the prince to the pedler, in turn, presented himself to public attention. Of counsel, certainly it might be said with truth, that one man in his time played many parts; labouring in their vocation, they lent their aid alike to all; and the man who was the opponent of royalty to-day, might stand up for the right of a chimney-sweeper to-morrow. To introduce the present plaintiffs formally to the jury, would scarcely (Mr. Scarlett thought) be requisite; for who, with the slightest pretention to polish, could be unacquainted with the names of Day and Martin? Could it be necessary of those gentlemen to say, that by stooping to the feet, they had raised themselves to the head of society? Needed it to be observed in the year 1821, that their fame had spread through every clime where shoes were made of leather? Did not their puffs and poems (passing even those of Ackwood,) astutiate every newspaper of the day? and would not they themselves go down to posterity the blackest, yet the brightest, characters of the age? The jury were men; and they would know mankind. The jury wore boots; and they would know the merits of Martin's blacking; of that inestimable fluid,—dark as the jetty plumage of that bird whose name the maker bore. But fame raised enemies; success raised rivals; and even as with others, so had it fared with the present plaintiffs. Pretenders had put up for public favour; people had been poisoned for a while with their pernicious preparations; but frail as their own bottles had been their standing in the trade; like those bot-

ties they had broken; and the long hands of sweeping assignees had left not a hamper behind. Yet there was one—and now the learned counsel came to the gravamen of his case—there was one man who played a deeper game. An envious oilman dwelt near Golden-square, who saw and grudged the plaintiffs' rising fortunes. The caitiff's name was Brown; and he could make a liquid which he called black, but which, like him, was brown. Each flask, like Pandora's box, contained a thousand ills: it burned up good men's shoes, did harm to harness, and lustreless, defied the sweating valet's toil. To sell this villanous composition, however, was Brown's chiefest care; and how did the jury think the wicked end had been attained? Knowing that his own name would bring no buyers, the man of guile resolved to take another's: he printed a quantity of labels in imitation of the labels of the plaintiffs; pasted them at leisure upon his spurious bottles; and uttered his own base compound to the world, as the genuine blacking of the illustrious Day and Martin. Even thus did error steal into authority; and thus was High Holborn cheated of its homage! The means by which the fraud in question had been carried into effect, would be sufficiently detailed in the course of the evidence; but, upon the effect and character of the deceit, a few words might be permitted. The plaintiffs did not ask vindictive damages, but the defendant, they submitted, was a double trespasser; at once a deprecator of their inestimable ware, and a destroyer of the shoes and boots of the community. And there was another topic to which Mr. Scarlett would advert—his comment would be brief, but it would not be thrown away upon the jury: he did feel it his duty to add a sentence as to the influence of such conduct upon the general interests of trade. It would be painful to say that the high and honourable feeling which had distinguished British commerce was on the decline; but the plaintiffs were not the only persons who, within the last few years, had suffered by mean and piratical practices. There was a Mrs. Lazenby who had discovered a pickle so *piquant* as to tickle the palates of all the aldermen in Lon-

don—she had been unable to keep possession of her own name. A Mr. Cox, too, the inventor of a most delicious sauce [that we understand, with which a man might eat his own father]—Mr. Cox had been obliged to defend himself at law; and the learned counsel really apprehended, unless the jury made an example of the present defendant, that some rogue would go down into the country, redden his face, put on a powdered wig, and call himself Mr. Scarlett; or, playing the same trick upon the learned Solicitor-general, receive all those fees and emoluments of office to which that learned gentleman stood entitled.

Mr. E. Custance had been many years in the habit of using Day and Martin's blacking. He bought a bottle of blacking (purporting to be of Day and Martin's manufacture,) from the defendant Brown. Finding it vile stuff, he carried it to the house of the plaintiffs in High Holborn, who abjured it.

James Barton proved the purchase of a similar bottle.

The grim counterfeits were then put in.

Thomas Richardson was printer to the plaintiffs. Their labels were printed from a stereotype plate. He could swear that the labels on the spurious bottles were not printed from the plate of the plaintiffs. There were several typographical errors: among others, the word "inestimable" in the true bill, stood "inestmiable" in the counterfeit.

Richard Brown, first cousin to the defendant, admitted that he had got about 2,400 labels struck off from a plate which was supplied to him by the defendant.

Mr. Denman addressed the jury in mitigation, but called no witnesses.

The Lord Chief Justice thought it a case not for vindictive, but certainly for reasonable damages.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiffs.—Damages 15*l*.

SELECTED POETRY.

(From Mr. Shelley's new poem, *QUEEN MAB*.)

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon

* *Queen Mab*. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. London, 1821. 8vo. pp. 132.

With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,

That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
On which the lightest heart might moralize?

Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will lanthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture from her smile?

Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillowed:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wond'rous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening:
'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes

Of that strange lyre whose strings
The geni of the breezes sweep:
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moon-beams when they fall

Through some cathedral window, but the tints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen!
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;
Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,
And stop obedient to the reins of light:
These the Queen of Spells drew in,
She spread a charm around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

Oh! not the visioned poet in his dreams,

When silvery clouds float through the
wilder'd brain,
When every sigh, of lovely, wild, and
grand,
Astonishes, enraptures, elevates,
When fancy, at a glance, combines
The wondrous and the beautiful,—
So bright, so fair, so wild a shape
Hath ever yet beheld,
As that which reined the coursers of the
air,
And poured the magic of her gaze
Upon the maiden's sleep.

The broad and yellow moon
Shone dimly through her form—
That form of faultless symmetry;
The pearly and pellucid car
Moved not the moonlight's line:
'Twas not an earthly pageant:
Those who had looked upon the sight.
Passing all human glory,
Saw not the yellow moon,
Saw not the mortal scene,
Heard not the night-wind's rush,
Heard not an earthly sound,
Saw but the fairy pageant,
Heard but the heavenly strains
That filled the lonely dwelling.

The Fairy's frame was slight, yon fibrous
cloud,
That catches but the palest tinge of even,
And which the straining eye can hardly
seize
When melting into eastern twilight's
shadow,
Were scarce so thin, so slight; but the
fair star
That gems the glittering coronet of
morn,
Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,
As that which, bursting from the Fairy's
form,
Spread a purpureal halo round the scene,
Yet with an undulating motion,
Swayed to her outline gracefully.

From her celestial car
The Fairy Queen descended,
And thrice she waved her wand,
Circled with wreaths of amaranth:
Her thin and misty form
Moved with the moving air,
And the clear silver tones,
As thus she spoke, were such
As are unheard by all but gifted ear.

The Fairy and the Soul proceeded:
The silver clouds departed;
And as the car of magic they ascended,
Again the speechless music swelled,
Again the coursers of the air
Unfurled their azure pennons, and the
Queen
Shaking the beamy reins
Bade them pursue their way.

The magic car moved on.
The night was fair, and countless
stars
Studded heaven's dark blue vault,—
Just o'er the eastern wave
Peeped the first faint smile of morn:—

The magic car moved on—
From the celestial hoofs
The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew,
And where the burning wheels
Eddied above the mountain's loftiest
peak,
Was traced a line of lightning.
Now it flew far above a rock,
The utmost verge of earth,
The rival of the Andes, whose dark
brow
Lowered o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's path,
Calm as a slumbering babe,
Tremendous Ocean lay.
The mirror of its stillness showed
The pale and waning stars,
The chariot's fiery track,
And the gray light of morn
Tinging those fleecy clouds
That canopied the dawn.

Seemed it, that the chariot's way
Lay through the midst of an immense
concave,
Radiant with million constellations, ting-
ed
With shades of infinite colour,
And semicircled with a belt
Flashing incessant meteors.

The magic car moved on.
As they approached their goal
The coursers seemed to gather speed;
The sea no longer was distinguished;
earth
Appeared a vast and shadowy sphere;
The sun's unclouded orb
Rolled through the black concave;
Its rays of rapid light
Parted around the chariot's swifter
course,
And fell, like ocean's feathery spray
Dashed from the boiling surge
Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.
Earth's distant orb appeared.
The smallest light that twinkles in the
heaven;
Whilst round the chariot's way
Innumerable systems rolled,
And countless spheres diffused
An ever-varying glory.

It was a sight of wonder: some
Were horned like the crescent moon;
Some shed a mild and silver beam
Like Hesperus o'er the western sea;
Some dash'd athwart with trains of
flame,

Like worlds to death and ruin driven:
Some shone like suns, and as the chariot
passed,
Eclipsed all other light.

Spirit of Nature! here!
In this interminable wilderness
Of worlds, at whose immensity
Even soaring fancy staggers,
Here is thy fitting temple:
Yet not the lightest leaf
That quivers to the passing breeze
Is less instinct with thee:
Yet not the meanest worm

That lurks in graves and fattens on the
dead
Less shares thy eternal breath.
Spirit of Nature! thou!
Imperishable as this scene,
Here is thy fitting temple.

Where is the fame
Which the vain-glorious mighty of the
earth
Seek to eternize? Oh! the faintest sound
From time's light footfall, the minutest
wave
That swells the flood of ages, whelms in
nothing
The unsubstantial bubble. Aye! to day
Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the
gaze
That flashes desolation, strong the arm
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow
comes!
That mandate is a thunder-peal that
died
In ages past: that gaze, a transient flash
On which the midnight closed, and on
that arm
The worm has made his meal.

How beautiful this night! the balmy
sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in even-
ing's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heav-
en's ebony vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded
grandeur rolls,
Seem like a canopy which love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gen-
tle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles de-
pend,
So stainless, that their white and glitter-
ing spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon
castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-
worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch
alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day,
In southern climes, o'er ocean's wave-
less field
Sinks sweetly smiling: not the faintest
breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep: the clouds
of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of
day;
And vesper's image on the western main
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening
mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep
roar

Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfold its pinion o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pity-
less fiend,

With all his winds and lightnings, tracks
his prey;

The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds
a grave

Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven?— that
dark red smoke

Blotting the silver moon? The stars are
quenched

In darkness, and the pure and spangling
snow

Gleams faintly through the gloom that
gathers round!

Hark to the roar, whose swift and deaf-
ening peals

In countless echoes through the moun-
tains ring,

Startling pale midnight on her starry
throne!

Now swells the intermingling din; the jar
Frequent and frighful of the bursting
bomb:

The falling beam, the shriek, the groan,
the shout,

The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of
men

Inebriate with rage:—loud, and more
loud

The discord grows; till pale death shuts
the scene,

And o'er the conqueror and the conquer-
ed draws

His cold and bloody shroud.—Of all the
men

Whom day's departing beam saw bloom-
ing there,

In proud and vigorous health; of all the
hearts

That beat with anxious life at sun-set
there;

How few survive, how few are beating
now!

All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous
pause;

Save when the frantic wail of widowed
love

Comes shuddering on the blast, or the
faint moan

With which some soul bursts from the
frame of clay

Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sul-
phurous smoke

Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning
dance

Along the spangling snow. There tracks
of blood

Even to the forest's depth, and scatter'd
arms,

And lifeless warriors, whose hard line-
aments

Death's self could change not, mark the
dreadful path

Of the outsallying victors; far behind

Black ashes note where their proud city
stood.

Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from
the day

Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.*

[From the Lon. Lit. Gazette, June 23.]

"The pleasure we felt on discovering the Southern Cross was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas we hail a star as a friend from whom we have been long separated. Among the Portuguese and Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the new world. The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the cross, having nearly the same right ascension, it follows hence, that the constellation is almost perpendicular, at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It has been observed at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the cross of the south is erect or inclined.—It is a time-piece that advances very regularly nearly four minutes a day, and no other group of stars exhibits, to the naked eye, an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim in the savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'midnight is past, the cross begins to bend.'"

De Humboldt's Travels.

In the silence and grandeur of midnight
I tread,

Where Savannas in boundless magnifi-
cence spread;

And bearing sblimely their snow-
wreaths on high,

The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The Fern-tree waves o'er me, the fire-
fly's red light,

With its quick-glancing splendour il-
lumines the night;

And I read in each tint of the skies and
the earth,

How distant my steps from the land of
my birth.

But to thee, as thy lode-stars resplendent-
ly burn,

In their clear depths of blue, with devo-
tion I turn,

Bright Cross of the South! and behold-
ing thee shine,

Scarce regret the lov'd land of the Olive
and Vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er
the main,

* We have to thank the elegant pen
of Mrs. Hemans for these two exquisite
poems.—ED.

My fathers unfolded the streamer of
Spain,
And planted their faith in the regions
that see
Its unperishing symbol emblazon'd in
thee.

How oft, in their course o'er the ocean's
unknown,

Where all was mysterious and awfully
lone,

Hath their spirit been cheer'd by thy
light when the deep

Reflected its brilliance, in tremulous
sleep!

As the vision that rose to the Lord of the
world,*

When first his bright banner of faith was
unfurld;

E'en such to the heroes of Spain, when
their prow

Made the billows the path of their glory,
wert thou!

And to me, as I traverse the world of the
west,

Through deserts of beauty, in stillness
that rest;

By forests and rivers untam'd in their
pride,

Thy beams have a language, thy course
is a guide.

Shine on! my own land is a far distant
spot,

And the stars of thy sphere can enlight-
en it not;

And the eyes which I love, though e'en
now they may be

O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze
not on thee!

But thou to my thoughts art a pure-blaz-
ing shrine,

A fount of bright hopes and of visions di-
vine;

And my soul, as an eagle exulting and
free,

Soars high o'er the Andes, to mingle
with thee!

TO THE IVY.

[From the same.]

Oh! how could fancy crown with thee
In ancient days, the God of wine,

And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine?

Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,

Where song's full notes once peal'd
around,

But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle-plain,

Where kings before his Eagles bent,
Entwin'd thee, with exulting strains,

Around the Victor's tent;

Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,

Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
Around the Victor's grave.

* Alluding to the vision of Constantine
the Great.

Where sleep the sons of ages down,
The bards and heroes of the past—
Where, through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast;
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair,
Thou in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Thou, o'er the shrines of fallen gods,
On classic plains dost mantling spread,
And veil the desolate abodes,
And cities of the dead.

Deserted palaces of kings,
Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,
And all once glorious earthly things,
At length are thine alone.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath the blue, Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry:
And, rear'd midst crags and clouds, 'tis
thine

To wave where banners wav'd of yore;
O'er mouldering towers, by lovely Rhine
Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
Those eyries of a vanish'd race.
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath pass'd and left no trace.
But thou art there—thy foliage bright,
Unchang'd the mountain-storm can
brave,

Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
That rise round grandeur's marble
balls,

The vivid hues, by painting thrown
Rich o'er the glowing walls;
Th' Acanthus, on Corinthian fanes,
In sculptur'd beauty waving fair;
These perish all—and what remains?
Thou, thou alone art there!

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
The wrecks of human power we see,
The marvels of all ages fled,
Left to Decay and thee!
And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, grace, and strength,
Days pass—Thou Ivy never seer,*
And all is thine at length!

RURAL ECONOMY.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

Vegetable Poison.—The leaves of the Meadow Saffron, or *Colchicum Autumnale*, of Linnæus, whose blossom appears in the preceding autumn, are a most destructive poison to cattle. An extensive farmer has lately lost seven fine yearlings, in consequence of their eating this noxious plant. The first symptom of disease they exhibited was a violent purging, which in the course of a

day reduced them to excessive weakness. After this, constipation of the bowels took place, which the remedies usually administered in such cases would not relieve, and the cattle died in the course of the following day, evidently in great pain. Upon opening them, the stomachs were found to be highly inflamed, and the villous coat to be entirely destroyed, more particularly that of the first, second, and fourth, the last of which was quite full of this noxious plant, which had become dry and hard. The remedies first applied by the parish leech were aperients, such as castor oil, &c. but these had no effect: alkalies were afterwards administered, but perhaps too late to counteract (if they were efficacious towards it) the virulence of the poison.

Blindness in Horses.—A correspondent says, "From many years' experience, I am convinced there is no cause to which the blindness in horses can so justly be ascribed as the humour of the driver to have the *winkers* or *blinders* of the bridle sit close or snug, as it is termed, by which there is unavoidably a pressure on the side of the eye, which necessarily causes heat, with much irritation, and consequently a local fever."

Ploughing.—An agriculturist expresses his surprise that many farmers in the lightly situations should plough their lands as if they were wet—namely, up and down the hills; whereas by ploughing across them, all the rain would be stopped by the ridges, instead of running to the bottom, and frequently carrying the seed, soil, and manure with it. He has proved the superiority of the plan from experience. He also mentions that some years ago he set broad beans between the rows of the principal part of a crop of potatoes, which not only sheltered them, but conducted the dews to their roots, and both produced excellent crops; but in a small part which was not set with beans, the potatoes were scorched up, and scarcely worth digging.

Mr. Editor,—As I find the technical terms given in a receipt in a former number of your Magazine, (for curing cattle of a distemper they were attacked with in 1818, in consequence of the dry weather,

and which may again occur,) have puzzled some readers, it will be acceptable to have a simple detail of the process which saved a number of valuable calves, one of whom recovered after the left fore limb was much affected. I shall specify the dose for each animal, and request the reader to observe, that the same quantity, allowing only for a little more or less according to the age and vigour of the subject, was given to all the calves by way of antidote.

For a calf three months old, allow the bulk of two pigeons eggs of *salt petre*, dissolved in half an English pint of water; to which add a table-spoonful of vinegar, and a table-spoonful of fresh barley-meal. Mix all well together; and, adding a full pint of warm water, put the whole ingredients into a common bottle, which, with the half pint of water first used, will be nearly filled; shake the bottle well, and pour the contents slowly into the throat of the calf. Let him rest an hour, and then apply friction to his skin, with a hard brush, continuing thus to stimulate circulation in all his body and limbs, a full quarter of an hour. If he seems inclined, let him rest another hour; and then, if the weather is hot, drive him into the sea; or if the situation is inland, plunge him into a lake or river. If the season is cool, it will suffice to give exercise by driving the creature rather smartly for half an hour. It must also have three times daily, a wine-glass full of a strong infusion, prepared from aromatic herbs; either wormwood, angelica, rosemary, mint rue, sage, or juniper berries. The infusion to be put into a bottle, with a tea-spoonful of strong vinegar. The nitre, as first mentioned, is to be administered twice a day; and the friction and exercise to follow each dose, as already described. Observe, the calf is not to suck, or to have feeding milk, for two hours after taking the medicine; and it must have rest after this nourishment. It is hardly necessary to explain, that the time for taking milk, or exercise, or medicine, should be arranged so as to make the intervals regular and proportionate.

USEFUL ARTS.

(From the same.)

Pyroligneous Acid.—Experiments continue to be made with this inte-

* "Ye myrtles brown, and Ivy never seer."—*Milton*.

resting fluid; and it is thought that it may be effectually used by fish-mongers, to keep fresh fish sweet for long journeys in summer. Fish wiped clean, and their gills removed if brushed lightly over with the acid, will be fresh and good after travelling any requisite distance. Meat or fish moderately salted, then wiped or brushed over, or dipped in the acid, will keep a voyage round the world:—such is the information we receive from the preparer. It seems important to ascertain, whether beef and pork so prepared, and dry packed (or pressed,) will serve for the common purpose of voyages, because the salt junk and pork packed in a pickle or rock salt, are bad eating, and injurious to health.

New Anchors.—Two anchors for first rate men-of-war have been finished in the smithery of his majesty's dock yard at Plymouth, on Mr. Pering's patent; and two more are making for the Britannia. These anchors are consolidated throughout, whereas on the old principle they were only bars of iron faggotted together, and incrustated only on the outer surface. The value of one of these, which weighs nearly five tons, is about 400*l.* and takes twenty men forty-six days to complete it.

Perambulator.—A Mr. Pritty has invented a machine for measuring distances with the greatest accuracy, and upon an entirely new principle. It may be affixed to a gig, or any other carriage, or to a wheel for running by hand. The distance is not marked by an index, like the hand of a clock on a circular superficies; but the number of miles, of furlongs, and of rods, is shown in a line, by proper figures, in their proper places. These figures are constantly changing, of course, as the machine is moved either backward or forward. The machinery, which is so simple that it cannot be out of order for many years, will measure a distance of 100 miles, before it re-commences its work. At starting, however, it can easily be set to 0 miles, 0 furlongs, 0 rods, on the scale. Mr. Pritty can adapt the machinery to the circumference of any wheel; and intends to purchase a patent for his ingenious invention.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Sinclair, of *Edinburgh*, for an

Improvement in the Manufacture of Shawls, Plaids, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Gown Pieces, and other articles into which coloured Threads are wrought into Flowers, and other fancy figures, in the Process of Weaving.

The object of the invention, and the manner of using it, are as follow:—The mode of weaving hitherto used in the manufacture of shawls, plaids, scarfs, handkerchiefs, gown-pieces, and other similar articles into which threads of different colours are wrought into flowers, and other fancy figures, in the process of weaving, has been with a tweel on the surface or right side. The effect of the tweel, thus employed on the surface, is to break the minute points and veins of the pattern, and, by bringing up the warp and other ground-threads, which are necessarily of a uniform colour, and placing them in diagonal or oblique lines across the spotting threads of the surface, to injure the purity of the colours, and impoverish the pattern designed to be formed by them. By employing a different texture, the points and veins of the pattern are formed with the minutest accuracy, and leave the spotting-threads of the surface much more pure, and unmixed with the warp or other ground-threads; no more of these warp or ground-threads being allowed to come to the surface than are necessary to bind the spotting-threads into the cloth, and those which are thus necessarily brought to the surface being so disposed as to be scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. The essential particular of the new texture is the setting aside, or appropriating, a certain portion of warp, for the purpose of coming between the spotting-threads of the surface, and what are commonly called the ground, weft, or woof-threads. A portion of the warp thus employed, effectually keeps these out of the surface of the cloth, where they cannot appear without material detriment to the purity and boldness of the colouring. It gives a pliability and softness to the cloth, and it appears to produce a more equal and regular surface, by affording a smooth and equal bed for the spotting-threads. This operation is of course effected by a machinery which will attain the objects before described, and

which appears to be very accurately adapted to the purpose of the inventor.

T. Dobbs, of *Birmingham*,—for a new mode of uniting together, or plating, Tin upon Lead.

The object of this patent is principally affected by first laying a very thin coating of tin, or in other words, simply tinning the lead by rubbing on it melted tin, with hurds, rags, or tow, impregnated with turpentine or some resinous material, and then applying the tin in a thicker coat over the previous thin tinning with a ladle in a mould. The two metals will then be found to adhere together and form the plating required.

Richard Penn, of the *County of Surrey*, for an improved Mode of Manufacturing Ornamental Wooden Furniture, by the Application of Machinery.

This improved mode of manufacturing wooden furniture consists in the employment of the turning lathe, furnished with the sliding rest, such as is in common use with many turners. The sliding-rest, or cutting tool, is attached to certain simple machinery, by means of which the lathe and sliding-rest are employed in a manner which has not hitherto been adopted. The sliding-rest is not only used as a carriage for the cutting tool; but the cutting-tool, to the face of which is given any required form suited to the moulding or embellishment intended to be produced, revolves upon its own axis by means of a small pulley driven by a band; and is kept in action by any of the powers in common use for giving motion to machinery; and while the tool or cutter is kept in action, revolving upon its own axis, and carried along by means of the sliding-rest, the wood is kept either stationary or in a slow motion, in such a way as to bring the different parts of its surface (conformably to the pattern or figure intended to be produced) successively under the operation of the revolving cutter or tool. The patent is granted, not for the invention of the tools but for their application, for the first time, to the manufacturing ornamental wood furniture.

VARIETIES.

ECONOMICAL LIGHTS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir:—In these times of poverty and distress, every little circumstance of domestic economy is worthy attention.

Perhaps the following statement may be interesting to some of your readers, and may induce them to practise, or to recommend to the poor, a cheap mode of having light.

It is in the shape of a letter from the late Mr. White, of Selborne, to Mr. Pennant, in his very elegant and entertaining work, "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne;" a work which is characteristic of a mind feelingly alive to the beauties of nature, particularly of animated nature, regulated by great good sense, and very respectable literary and intellectual attainments.

This statement is in part quoted by the first and most useful female writer of the present day, in her story of "The Orphans," showing in both instances, that no subject, however humble, could be beneath the attention of a liberal mind, that concerned the comfort and well-being of the poor. T. M.

Reigate, 2d May, 1821.

"I shall make no apology for troubling you with the detail of a very simple piece of domestic economy, being satisfied that you think nothing beneath your attention that tends to utility; the matter alluded to is the use of *rushes* instead of candles, which I am well aware prevails in many districts besides this; but as I know there are countries also where it does not obtain, and as I have considered the subject with some degree of exactness, I shall proceed in my humble story, and leave you to judge of the expediency.

The proper species of *rush* for this purpose seems to be the *juncus effusus*, or common soft rush, which is to be found in most moist pastures, by the sides of streams, and under hedges. These rushes are in best condition in the height of summer; but may be gathered, so as to serve the purpose well, quite on to autumn. It would be needless to add that the largest and longest are best.

Decayed labourers, women and children, make it their business to procure and prepare them. As soon as they are cut they must be flung into water, and kept there; for otherwise they will dry and shrink, and the peel will not run. At first a person would find it no easy matter to divest a rush of its peel or rind, so as to leave one regular, narrow, even rib, from top to bottom, that may support the pith: but this, like other feats, soon becomes familiar, even to children, and we have seen an old woman, stone-blind, perform this business with great dispatch, and seldom failing to strip them with the nicest regularity. When these *junci* are thus far prepared, they must lie out on the grass to be bleached, and take the dew for some nights, and afterwards be dried in the sun.

Some address is required in dipping these rushes in the scalding fat or grease; but this knack also is to be attained by practice. The careful wife of an industrious Hampshire labourer, obtains all her fat for nothing; for she saves the scummings of her bacon-pot for this use; and, if the grease abounds with salt, she causes the salt to precipitate to the bottom, by setting the scummings in a warm oven. Where hogs are not much in use, and especially by the sea-side, the coarser animal oils will come very cheap. A pound of common grease may be procured for four-pence, and about six pounds of grease will dip a pound of rushes, and one pound of rushes may be bought for one shilling: so that a pound of rushes, medicated and ready for use, will cost three shillings. If men that keep bees will mix a little wax with the grease, it will give it a consistency and render it more cleanly, and make the rushes burn longer: mutton-suet would have the same effect.

A good rush, which measured in length two feet four inches and an half, being minuted, burnt only three minutes short of an hour; and a rush still of greater length has been known to burn an hour and a quarter.

These rushes give a good clear light. Watch lights, (coated with tallow) it is true, shed a dismal one, "darkness visible," but then the wick of those have two ribs of the rind, or peel, to support the pith,

while the wick of the dipped rush has but one. The two ribs are intended to impede the progress of the flame, and make the candle last.

In a pound of dry rushes, avoirdupois, which I caused to be weighed and numbered, we found upwards of one thousand six hundred individuals. Now suppose each of these burns, one with another, only half an hour, then a poor man will purchase eight hundred hours of light, a time exceeding thirty-three entire days, for three shillings. According to this account, each rush, before dipping, costs one-thirty-third of a farthing, and one-eleventh afterwards. Thus a poor family will enjoy five and a half hours of comfortable light for a farthing. An experienced old housekeeper assures me that one pound and a half of rushes completely supplies his family the year round, since working people burn no candle in the long days, because they rise and go to bed by day-light.

Little farmers use rushes much in the short days, both morning and evening, in the dairy and kitchen; but the very poor, who are always the worst economists, and therefore must continue very poor, buy an half-penny candle every evening, which, in their blowing open rooms, does not burn much more than two hours. Thus they have only two hours light for their money, instead of eleven.

While on the subject of rural economy, it may not be improper to mention a pretty implement of house-wifery that we have seen no where else; that is, little neat besoms which our foresters make from the stalks of the *polytricum commune*, or, *great golden maiden-hair*, which they call silk-wood, and find in plenty, in the bogs. When this moss is well combed and dressed, and divested of its outer skin, it comes of a beautiful bright chesnut colour; and being soft and pliant, is very proper for the dusting of beds, curtains, carpets, hangings, &c. If these besoms were known to the brushmakers in town, it is probable they might come much in use for the purpose above mentioned."

A singular circumstance occurred at Swineshead in the afternoon of Sunday last. During a violent storm

of thunder and lightning, a goose, the property of Mr. Harrison, farmer, of that place, was struck dead by the lightning; she had at the time gathered her brood of young ones under her wings, which proved so effectual a protection, that although the old bird was killed upon the spot, the young ones did not receive the slightest injury.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

DEATH OF MR. STOTHARD, JUN.

A black and melancholy seal has been put upon the record of this excellent artist, in our present number. We have just received (Friday evening) intelligence of his death! Pursuing his professional avocations with his accustomed ardour, in copying a window of the church of Bere, in Devonshire, the step of the ladder on which he stood unfortunately gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground: dreadful to relate, though only from the height of about ten feet, his skull was fractured, and he died upon the spot. His afflicted father has, we learn, set off for Bere Parsonage, where the corpse of his son lies. Under the circumstances seen in our preceding pages, we have felt a shock as if a dear friend had been thus suddenly lost. We would cancel what we have said, but it is too late; and we can only express our perfect conviction that Mr. Dibdin never entertained the idea of injuring Mr. Stothard, but wrote of him a little unadvisedly in the manner which provoked, perhaps, too much of our resentment. Indeed we are sorrow we have been so severe, since we must be convinced no ill was meant.

THE TERPIDIUM.—A musical instrument of an entirely novel description, has lately arrived in London. The instrument has excited a high degree of interest on the continent; and the inventor, Mr. Buschmann, has obtained the most flattering testimonials of approbation from many celebrated musical characters in Germany; and it is represented to us by those who have heard it in this country, as being a very delightful instrument, combining the sweetness of the flute and clarinet with the energy of the horn and bassoon, and yielding a full and rich harmony, resembling an orchestra of wind instruments. This surprising effect is

said to be produced by the most simple combination of a range of *wooden staves!*

NEGRO POETRY.—The well known propensity of the slaves in the West Indies to make verses on all subjects, has been often noticed. The following couplet has amused us by its whimsical non-sequitur. Mr. Martin, a favourite with the black population, had lost 500*l.* on a horse-race; the animals together not being worth, perhaps, one fifth of that sum; and upon this, the African bard wrote—

"Massa Martin, Massa Martin, me sorry for your loss!
But five hundred pounds would have bought a better horse."

The celebrated Camille Jordan died, and was buried at Paris, a fortnight ago.

Literal copy of a board, affixed to the pales of a small field, at the end of Osnaburg Street, Regent's Park:—"Whoso Ever Trasspass in this Park—Hither Cricket or Trapball, or any such, Deperdation, Will be Prosecuted according to Law."

PERCY ANECDOTES.

YOU I H.

Dr. Franklin.

Almost all the distinguishing features of Franklin's character in life may be traced to his childhood. He was in his earliest days shrewd and artful, industrious and persevering, and of habits the most economical. The stories of his recommending his father to say grace over a whole barrel of beef at once; and of his disgust with a favourite whistle, the moment he found he had paid too dear for it, are well known. When at school (which was only between the ages of eight and ten years) Franklin soon distinguished himself among his playfellows by his strength and address, and he was generally the leader in all their schemes. Their great delight was fishing for minnows, and as their constant tramping had made the edge of the pond a quagmire, Franklin's active mind suggested the idea of building a little wharf for them to stand upon. Unluckily a heap of stones was collected, at no great distance, for building a new house; and one evening Franklin proposed to his companions to make free with them after the workmen were gone home. The project was approved, and executed with great industry; but the next morning the stones were missed, inquiry was made, and the consequence was, a complaint against the boys. Franklin pleaded, in excuse, the utility of the work; but his father

wisely took the opportunity of inculcating the excellent maxim, that what is not honest, cannot be truly useful.

Filial Duty.

Among the American Indians, one of the first lessons they inculcate on their children, is duty to their parents and respect for old age; and there is not among the most civilized nations any people who more strictly observe the duty of filial obedience. A father need only say in the presence of his children, "I want such a thing done; I want one of my children to go upon such an errand; let me see who is the *good* child that will do it." This word *good* operates as it were by magic, and the children immediately vie with each other, to comply with the wishes of their parent. If a father sees an old decrepid man or woman pass by, led along by a child, he will draw the attention of his own children to the object by saying, "What a *good* child that must be, which pays such attention to the aged! That child indeed looks forward to the time when it will likewise be old!" Or he will say, "May the great spirit, who looks upon him, grant this *good* child a long life."

Juvenile Crusade.

During the middle ages superstition was so prevalent, that many charters began with these words: "As the world is now drawing near to a close." And an army marching under the emperor Otho I. was so terrified by an eclipse of the sun, which they conceived announced this consummation, that they dispersed hastily on all sides. The religious ignorance of the middle ages sometimes burst out in ebullitions of epidemical enthusiasm still more remarkable. In 1211, a multitude, amounting as some say to ninety thousand chiefly composed of children, and commanded by a child, set out for the purpose of recovering the Holy Land. They came for the most part from Germany, and reached Genoa without harm. But finding there an obstacle which their imperfect knowledge of geography had not anticipated, they soon dispersed in various directions. Thirty thousand arrived at Marseilles, where part were murdered, many starved, and the rest sold to the Saracens.

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